

THE INNIS HERALD

November 1995

Sunny, with Scattered Flurries

Issue 1 (of many)



Our Dumb Opinions

EDITORIAL: Filler, my Pal ANTI-EDITORIAL

By: Joel Schuster, Editor-in-Chief

Welcome to the new Innis Herald. I know that some of you have read the Herald in the past, some of you have never read the Herald, and some of you will read this paper later (which is odd, because you would seem to be reading it now). Lemme tell you what's gone on with the Herald, why there was no October issue, and why there is a November issue.

The October issue was slowly coming together, but Diane Sidik (the previous editor) was becoming fed up with the paper. The October issue was never finished, and then Diane resigned. She claimed that it was because she wasn't enjoying it anymore, but we know that the real reason was due to the horrible alligator injury she sustained while on safari last summer.

After Diane broke the news, the decision came down upon the Innis College Student's Society (ICSS) to reappoint a new editor. Knowing that a formal election procedure would take too long for a November issue to come out, the student government appointed myself and Lauren Speers to the editor positions. This was primarily done because we were not around when the decision had to be made, which means we weren't there to complain. Welcome to Innis College.

Anyway, once they tempted us with talks of kickbacks, bribes, and lots of booze, we became very pleased to take over the paper. There were, of course, conditions. Luckily, we didn't listen when they were talking about them and, even if we did, we have forgotten what they were.

Consequently, we are now putting out this newspaper. However, there was a big problem with this issue, and I'm going to tell you all about and drone on forever and you're going to wish that I'd just shut up. The problem came with the Herald's constitution, which states that we have to put out a newspaper every month. Since one didn't come out in October, we have had only 3 days to put this one together. And I think we both know what that means: filler. The next issue will be better. Really.

COUNTER ANTI-EDITORIAL

By: Joel Schuster, Editor-In-Chief

Look, Lauren, I think that you've completely missed the point of my editorial, and I'd like to clear a few things up. First of all, I never said that that *anyone* was a "lazy incompetent", nor did I mean to imply that. Of course, I would classify us as being both lazy and incompetent, which is ironic since we are now running the show. It's classy the way some things work out.

At any rate, I noticed that your so-called "anti-editorial" was almost as long as my editorial, and this makes me happy. Obviously, on some level you've observed the point I was trying to make: filler. The fact of the matter is, that everything any newspaper prints ultimately just fills up space which would otherwise be blank if it were not filled. Hence, the term filler. I think that you simply misconstrued what I meant by the term "filler". This is what it is. To put it flatly, we'll print anything that anyone sends us. If some of that just happens to be stuff that I send in, well so be it.

Additionally, I never said that we were offered "beer". We were offered "booze". Furthermore, I do not know what "hyperbole" means. Lastly, Jerry Garcia is dead.

Besides, do you really think anything we do could possibly "sully the name of a fine institution like Innis"? I mean, if you were to ask a random 100 students on campus, of the 8 who actually knew what Innis was you'd get some pretty rude responses. And the one person who would respond that they liked Innis College probably works here. Get real.

Rebuttal to Counter Anti-Editorial

By: Lauren Speers, Co-Editor

Joel, why are you pulling my dick? Believe it or not, I think our goal is to broaden the scope of our articles, rather than confining the opinions reflected in the Herald to a select circle of Editors (regardless of the fact that we have a higher position in the bureaucracy). And where do you get off slamming Innis? The truth is, we're just too off-beat for the other 92 people on Campus. Have you ever noticed that generally the shittiest music is the stuff the most people know about?

Innis is too underground for the mainstream. If people can't deal with life in the hardcore zany lane, then they should read another paper by some other editor. Anyway, no one should criticize good ol' Harold. It's not his fault he was

only important enough to have a college named after him at U. of T. and not even known by the Artsy editors of his namesake's newspaper.

And you know what else? That filler idea sucks. I just can't see how people will go for the idea of psychobabble to (quote) fill up space that would otherwise be blank if it were unfilled (unquote). If I was to ramble on endlessly, you'd tell me to shut up. I'm telling you, the majority of the public will just put this paper down if we continue in the quest of meaningless, excessive verbiage. See what I mean? It's redundant, monotonous, futile and completely unnecessary.

Oh, and never, ever knock Jerry again. Remember, I know where you sleep.

Reaction to Rebuttal to Counter Anti-Editorial

By: Joel Schuster, Editor-In-Chief

The notion of filling, if you pardon the term, a newspaper with articles does not constitute "confining the opinions reflected in the Herald to a select circle of Editors". I'd rather read a twelve page newspaper filled with interesting, funny articles rather than a twelve pages of nothing. And, if I can't get twelve pages filled with good stuff, well, I'd rather get twelve pages of stuff than twelve pages of nothing. Even if that stuff only makes one person happy, and that person is me, haven't we done a good thing here?

Since we love filler anyway, I've got a better quote to work into the paper, from a Police song. "I've got a lump in my throat, about the note you wrote. I'd come on over, but I haven't got a rain coat". Figure that one out.

Response to Reaction to Rebuttal to Counter Anti-Editorial

By Lauren Speers, Co-Editor-In-Chief

Uh...Joel...Sorry to be obuse, but...uh? Are the days of straight and simple journalistic endeavour as over as the filler? Can we stay on the straight and narrow, maybe? I like the Police as much as you do, but wake up and smell the caffed baby, it's bloody snowing not raining. Nice quote, though. Just one thing. Are you really tired or just going off the deep end? And can I follow you in whichever of those directions you choose? Because, well...this filler is driving me crazy (and I never argue with free sleep).

Fuck you, Lauren

By: Joel Schuster, Editor-in-Chief

Fuck you, Lauren.

I Hate you, Joel

By: Lauren Speers, Co-Editor-in-Chief

Bastard

The Final Straw

By: Joel Schuster, Editor-in-Chief

You know, Lauren...oh, forget it.



By: Lauren Speers, Co-Editor

(Joel, really!) This is the new Innis Herald dear Reader, as you have probably realized, but there is one point I think we should emphasize that my oh-so straight-forward Editor has forgotten: quality. We only got this editorial gig because we need to improve the paper (actually, considering the factor of its non-existence, that won't be difficult). Still, though how are people going to respect us as a journalistic force if we tell them that we're only here because we were offered beer? I think we have to lose the filler idea.

Must we fill the Herald with the rapid, verbosity-infested literary vermin that you are trying to pass off as filler? And do we have to knock the previous Herald staff? How about, instead of sullying the name of a fine institution like Innis with a filler-filled, hyped-up hall of hyperbole that you intend to make the paper, we try and reflect some good, old-fashioned values. Just because they couldn't deal with the workload doesn't mean that they're lazy incompetents.

I say from now on our new policy is like Jerry Garcia said: "all that's left to do is smile, smile, smile."

The Innis Herald

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The Big People

Joel Schuster: Editor-in-Chief & Big Jerk

Lauren Speers: Co-Editor & Really Tired

Caroline Meyer: Treasurer

Arie Voitk: Sexy young Secretary

The Smaller People Trod on by the Above

Craig Clemens & Andy Millar: Film Editors

Len McKee: Sports Editor

Cass Enright: Thirsty Editor

Antonia Yee: Art & Lit Editor

Naomi Freeman: Mysteriously vacant music Editor

Worked their butts off on Layout and Members of the Higher Planes

Juli Mori & Cathy Oh

Innis Herald Logo

Nic de Groot (this issue, funneled through a shitty printer and touched up by Lauren. The logo, that is.)

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Contributors

C. Addams	Alexi Manis
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Cineaste	Raul
Chris Cooling	Roach
Jennica Harper	Sugar Daddy Moth
Emma Jane Hobgin	Damian Tarnopolsky
Andy Ling	James Venuuti

Herald Thanks and Information

Feel free to drop any submission to room 305 (old building) Innis College, any time during the week (except at 3:42 on Wednesdays, but we can't tell you why). Our phone number is 978-4748, and FAX is 978-5503. Our address is rm 305, Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto Ontario, M5S 1J5.

We'd like to thank everyone who wrote something for this article. Our deadline was incredibly short notice, and we truly appreciate all the people who gave us. For those of you whose articles did not find their way into this issue, it is because we couldn't make the paper bigger without blowing our printing deadline. Your articles were all very good, and it isn't a personal attack at all (except against you, Shawn). You are all good human beings.

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted must be accompanied by the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body. Really, I'm glad you're reading this.

A Quote from our President: "Let's talk budget cuts, Schuster"

This paper consisted of 4 cases of Diet Coke, 15 packs of smokes, and 42 straight hours without sleep. No animals were harmed during the production of this issue, but boy did we get the shit kicked out of us.

Innis Enlightenment

Is Innis College Doomed?

Cineaste

We poor, utterly defenseless schmos (Innis College Students), are going to be obliterated from the face of St. George Street, if you believe the hysterical, and unfounded speculations ringing out from Brenda Knights' November 1995 *Woody* article, "Does Common Sense Make Sense to You?" True, the Mike Harass government's attack on institutions dedicated to the 'common good' is ill conceived at best, utterly vindictive at worst, but is poor little Innis College going to be thrown out with the proverbial bath water? No, not likely, since the reductions in the University's Operating Budget will be made up on the backs of students paying significantly higher tuition fees. It seems Ms. Knights is missing some Common Sense.

Basing her argument solely on the size of a college, as

opposed to its fiscal health and location is the obvious fallacy in Ms. Knights' argument, "If [the proposed cutbacks] become reality [sic] it is likely that one college will be closed. Innis, being the smallest, is most likely to be axed." Just because Innis is the smallest college on the St. George Campus, doesn't mean that it will be shut down, in fact, it seems rather unlikely. If this is a cost cutting measure, the two satellite campuses cost more to operate, and are more wasteful of human and physical resources than any St. George campus college. If there were to be closures, which seems unlikely, then it would be one or both of the satellite campuses, not a fiscally healthy college like Innis. Third of all, Innis College is home to very vibrant academic programmes, both graduate and undergraduate, and is extremely efficient in administering these programmes: better in fact than most other col-

leges with regards to cost versus performance. If anything, Innis' size is a red herring. It seems Ms. Knights' argument is missing some common cents.

Since I inherently agree that the whole university should be rallying against the cuts, I do not want to appear to be supporting the Tories' denuding of the backbone of our post-industrial society: education. It is unfortunate that Brenda Knights' delirious speculations were used as part of the promotion campaign to bring out students to stop the cuts at the November 8, 1995 rally. All it managed to do is justify Innis College students' well placed cynicism towards the student press on Campus, in particular the fact-bare, Woodsorth Newspaper (*The Woody*) — with a name that has connotations that it could never live up to.

Harris Cuts Threaten University Accessibility

Oook

For a short while, the rally on November 8 seemed like a sign of hope and solidarity; nearly two thousand students, teaching assistants, professors and staff gathered in Convocation Hall for a common cause. For many this euphoric and optimistic mood was still with them at the end of the speeches, but not for all. More than a few people left the Hall to march on Queen's Park with thoughtful frowns on their faces.

The speeches began with the standard rhetoric of unity and protest to change the government's mind about the proposed subsidy cuts to Ontario Universities. This changed as one speaker after another stressed the importance of unifying this protest with the other groups, such as the labour unions, that are feeling the bite of Mike Harris' axe. The message was clear; only if all those who fear the results of the Common Sense Revolution unify will the collective voice be loud enough to cause a re-evaluation of the proposed changes.

This makes perfect sense. It is an approach that is likely to be effective in deterring Mike Harris and his Conservatives from their Revolution. The frowns on so many faces were caused by looking at this goal realistically. Most of those who came out to the Rally believe in the cause that they gathered for. They are deeply concerned with their own access to a University education, and dream of providing the same for their children. They also saw the Rally as something that they could make time for, not the first step in a movement that will demand a greater and greater share of their personal time. The dream of protest changing the course of government drifted from an immediate reality at the beginning of the Rally to a distant and nearly futile dream for many by the end of it.

This Rally To Stop The Cuts could be seen by the cynical as merely a soother to placate the masses while the governmental machinery grinds on, unchecked. The only real result of the Rally was to affirm after Bob Rae's speech that he still has what it takes to successfully swing the thoughts and emotions of a hall full of people.

Hopefully the realities of the Rally have opened the eyes of at least a few who attended. There is little or no power in generating crowds in this country. The only power that any of us possess is the power to talk to others, and to vote for what you believe in. By all means, speak freely and openly, gather in protest, and write letters. These rights are what makes a democracy work. What makes a democracy work best, however, is discussing the issues, staying informed, and voting thoughtfully. That, and working hard and saving up so that your children will be able to afford the same education that you are receiving for a tenth the cost.

P.C. is OK By Me

Jenna Harper

I'm not talking about Herr Harris' Progressive Conservatives, or even President's Choice White Macaroni and Cheese. Political Correctness is seen as some kind of threat; people seem to think it's really rebellious to denounce it as being dictatorial, but you know what? I'm the biggest rebel of them all for saying I agree with P.C.

Most people associate being politically correct with the de-gendering of everyday words. People find it really difficult to accept that many common words are inherently sexist (and racist too). I know that when a person uses the word "fireman" they mean "firefighter." "Fireman" is so vague anyway... isn't an arsonist a Fireman? The real problem as I see it, is that children grow up with words that are subconsciously exclusive. Wouldn't it be strange to hear a little girl declare that she wanted to be a policeman when she grows up? Isn't it possible that many little girls will simply not consider this as an option as they get older, because they associate the profession with a gender? Not all will internalize that sexism, but if any do, isn't it worth our while to make a small effort and after a few words?

It's the same deal with racism; there was an episode of Seinfeld the other day in which Jerry had to try not to accidentally use any racial slurs because he was dating a woman of Native American descent. He tried to avoid words like "scalper" and "indian-giver". Being accidentally racist is still offending someone. Duh. Is it so much to ask for people to go through life without offending other people? Am I the only idealist around here?

I also think the new trend of using actors of all different ethnic backgrounds and both genders in ads where they might not have been before is a good idea. Of course it's only a marketing ploy, but it still sends a message. TV is gradually starting to become more multicultural, and now we see Dads in situations that used to only involve Moms. This brings in the issue of "token" minorities in professional positions. I went to a high school that was probably 1/3 black; there was one black faculty member. The discrepancy in numbers there makes me wonder. After all, maybe there were some black kids who didn't think teaching was a feasible option for them, because so many teachers were white. I see that as a problem.

The plain truth is that people accept what is common as being normal, and everything else is seen as a variation (or deviation) from that norm. Why should a person with any colour of skin other than pinky-peachy-white have to think of that as "flesh-tone" in a box of crayons, or "skin colour" in cosmetics? They shouldn't. Are we really so selfish that we can't make a couple of changes in our language so as not to offend anyone or limit another person's options? P.C. is a small step towards a fair equal world. We have to start somewhere.



Enlightenment, as demonstrated by these youngsters, is understanding why that kid on "Leave it to Beaver" was nicknamed "whitey".

OSAP Screws Innis Frosh: A Turbulent Love Story

Emma Jane Hogbin

What a great conversation breaker OSAP was for me during Frosh week in the thousands of line-ups that I was forced to endure. Waiting in the line for Chem. tutorial registration: "so did you get your OSAP yet? "Really?" "Wow, I got screwed." And yet it was this conversation that taught me how honesty can be both a regret and a satisfaction.

When I went in to the OSAP office to ask for help with an appeal I was told that I had insufficient grounds. The fact that I had volunteered during the summer (for a non-profit environmental organization) instead of remaining unemployed was not deemed acceptable by the government. Volunteers are crucial to many groups such as the YM-YWCA, environmental associations, the Red Cross and many other community-based organizations (including the Innis Herald). These are organizations which contribute to the physical and mental health of the community, yet according to the government it is not considered acceptable to offer your full-time services to them as a volunteer. The OSAP procedure has essentially told students that the only full-time work worth doing is work for which they are paid.

All right, so the government won't accept that I volunteered full-time this summer instead of having full-time paid employment. Had I left my income as "0" on the form and omitted the note that I was volunteering, the form would have been evaluated very differently. I would have been someone who had been unable to find employment. This, in the eyes of the government, is acceptable. In effect: it is okay to spend a summer being generally non-productive; but it is not okay to work your butt off for free. What sort of work ethic is this promoting in our generation? Refraining from mentioning my volunteer work would have earned me more OSAP. Should I have lied? Common advice: yes.

Many people that I have talked with about OSAP have told me about how they lied on their forms. Most of these people lied about their summer income, often knocking off a thousand or two from the bottom line. And yet that seems to be the only way to get the loans necessary to survive. Are we really promoting honesty with these forms when everyone seems to know that you have to cheat to "win"? How can those who cheated on their forms start off the year with one great big moral strike against themselves? I couldn't do it. Fortunately a friend renewed a sense of hope in me for the OSAP process by telling me that one of these cheats has been discovered and is paying the consequences.

According to OSAP's "basic premise" it is largely my parents' responsibility to fund my post-secondary education. Why does the responsibility lie with them? My parents are not going to school, I am. In order to complete the appeal process my parents must show lack of borrowing power from a lending institution. I don't understand: are my parents expected to take out what could be a second mortgage on our home to send me to school? This does not seem to me to be a reasonable expectation. What if I do not feel it is my parents' responsibility to fund my post-secondary education? Is that acceptable grounds for appeal? I suppose I'll find out.

Even though I am now in a position of having to appeal, I am glad that I told the truth on my OSAP form. It's one of those moral things. If lying didn't work for Nixon, it won't work for me. But ask me again next year just to be sure.

Innis. Spirit. . . .

Innis Halloween Pub Brings Frightening Turnout

Renata Catenacci and Lauren Speers

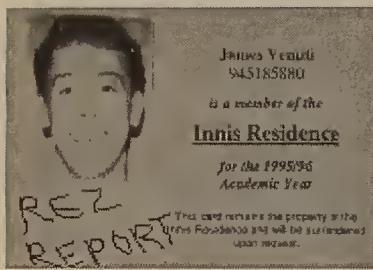
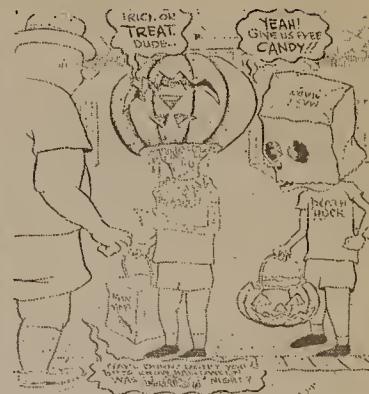
On Friday October 27th Innis threw its annual Halloween bash, this year at the Spadina Hotel's Subway Room. The venue proved to be a little small for the 150+ crowd that turned up for the slammin' dancin' extravaganza that resulted from the efforts of the ICS's hard-working social convenors and their band of merry helpers. Surprisingly few problems arose from the uh... shall we say "cozy" confines of the basement of the Spadina Hotel. The black-lit, smoky interior proved enticing to enough people that when asked about the turnout, social convenor Carrie Meyer could only say "Wow".

The dance floor and comfy couches remainder relatively occupied for most of the evening, but then, how could the dance floor not have been full? DJ Greg from Whiskey Saigon spun funky Eighties classics and energized the crowd until Sugar Daddy Moth turned up the volume just after eleven. The disco ball, black lights and techno tunes made the Subway Room feel exactly like it did a year ago when it was a thriving dance space. At around half-past one, the live act started- Toronto's own Project 9. Their Thriller covers were almost better than Michael's originals. (I won't get into the argument about whether or not Michael has soul at this point). The groovy sounds of "Billie Jean" and "Beat It" even attracted a few of the Spadina Hotel's regulars, who enjoyed P9 tremendously, although comments such as "it's just not

Thorogood" were overheard.

The costumes were fantastic. How many times a year does Erik the Red himself knock your beer off the bar? Though no actual prizes were awarded, this reporter's vote leans towards the Space-Age Astro-Dominatrix for originality and effort, and to the gentleman who dressed up as a bed for style. Many people laughed when they realized that there were enough Mortal Kombat characters present to actually have a duel or three. Halloween brings out strange parts of people's personalities, also present was a deranged clown, Mia Wallace, Morgan le Fay, Venus, Catholic School Girls and the Jolly Green Giant.

Amidst the queer and strange air that Halloween brings, friends and schoolmates were able to come together. The night was perhaps one of the most memorable this year! Innis students will experience Halloween, a night that is traditionally known for bringing out the hidden and shadowy side of human nature, was able to bring all of Innis college together through good fun, loud music and great company. Despite the cloudy smoke-filled air, crowded sitting room and sweaty dance floor, the over-worked UofT students showed off their capacity to enjoy themselves.



(the person writing this is a tall skinny Italian redhead who doesn't want to be confused with that short stocky Chinese guy who uses your student fees to pay for all his meals.)

What can I tell you? We're up to no good this year. No good at all. So far, it's just fun. (Not that fun is a bad thing...) I'd like to extend a personal thanks to all the people who came out for our first Rez Paintball trip (our most recent event). I think all will agree it was great. Anyone reading this is invited to the next one, although true to Innis tradition, we don't know when that will be.

Many of you reading this right now probably live in the Rez and don't need to know what it's like. This article is for all of the people who don't really know what we do over here. This year, unlike last year, has been relatively quiet. There has been a definite lack of fire alarms in the middle of the night, virtually no construction noises echoing through the building, and very few fat unshaven men peering in your bedroom window first thing in the morning. Unless, of course, you call the window-washers fat.

For starters, we're kind of low on inter-house sports. Intramurals are going nicely, and we keep ourselves busy in other ways: SOME of our Dons have taken a group from their respective floors out to dinner for a get-to-know-you evening. Paintball, as I mentioned, had a group of 20 on its first outing and we'll go again one of these days. Wednesdays are traditionally the night for Demis' movie night, an occasion eagerly awaited by all who thrive on free pretzels and chips.

I personally thought that Halloween was great, and kudos to the ICSS for putting together that wicked party. Damn good costumes, too. Shame on all the Innis folk who never made it, you missed out on a good time. Don't blow the Semi-Formal the same way. Pumpkin carving was fun too (with so few lacerated fingers!). By the way, if you're one of those people who still has a carved pumpkin, it's probably time to toss it out!

The Rez is finally getting its act together and coming out with a line of clothing. Styles may vary, but rumour has it that the shirts look quite similar to a cross between a polyester armadillo and Elvis' favourite post-brunch snack.

We'll have a yearbook out this year, too. Although we weren't in time to make an official reservation with a printing company, we'll rely on Kinko's and put out a humble first version. This, we hope, will lead to bigger and better issues in the following years.

Garry's disposition is about the same.

Between 85 and 100 Rez folk came to the Study Hall and had a good time. This will probably also become more and more of a common event as we expect more people in the future.

Speaking of huge group activities, the 32nd annual Innis Ski Club led by yours truly will set off on its first trip on January 12th, after everyone comes back from vacation. If you are just finding about this as you read them, too bad! Unless you promise money and/or sexual favours (depending on your sex and good looks) you'll probably have to wait until next time because my official due date for the money was Wednesday November 15th. Actually, you can ignore that clause about sex. I know that if I ever go into politics that would come back to haunt me... However, the bribes still work, I guarantee it. Deposits can be made in my mailbox, number 206.

Thanks for reading.

ENSU: The Environmental Students' Union

Laura Murphy Co-coordinator of ENSU

For those of you who don't know us, we are the Environmental Students' Union. We are students in Environmental Studies at Innis College who like to serve other students by organizing beneficial events, expressing student concerns to faculty, and planning events to make life on campus interesting and fun for our fellow students. We encourage involvement of all students interested in Environmental Studies, so if you think you might like to help organize an event, suggest an idea, express a concern, or merely find out what we're up to, drop by and give us a visit in room #210 at Innis College. Each member of the executive -Laura Murphy, Enza Ierullo, Venetia Joseph, Susan Matheson, Marc Hogan holds office hours throughout the week; times are listed on our office door. Also, we have meetings open to all volunteers approximately every two weeks. Come on out to our next one on November 22 at 2:00pm in room #209.

Well, our most recent event was the second annual Undergraduate Student Forum which was held on Wednesday November 8. The forum was intended for students who are interested in pursuing an education in the environmental field, but are confused about the different ones that exist at U of T. Speakers included Beth Savan, the program director of Environmental Studies here at Innis, Anne Zimmerman director of the Division of the Environment, and Joseph Desloges from the Geography department. Students were able to have their questions answered and gain an idea of which program best suits their interests. Members of ENSU were very pleased to see that all of our hard work paid off! Also, we are currently planning a Graduate Forum. This will include speakers from universities across Ontario discussing graduate programs related to Environmental Studies, Urban Studies, etc. After that we will plan a third forum for those of you who are considering a career in the environmental field. We will invite speakers such as environmental consultants, planners, lawyers. We are also organizing field trips throughout the year (Friday November 17th we're off to the Science Centre), putting together a resource centre in our office, and we hope to hold a social event for all students in the Environmental Studies program. Also, later in the year we will be getting involved in 'Environmental Week'. In order to plan more events, we need to hear your ideas. What events would you, as a student interested in the environment, like to see? Come tell us about it!

CINSSU Re-opened

Alexi Manis

It was a dark and stormy night, so stormy that my vision was blurred for days from the driving rain that fell from the cloud above my head. Innis Town Hall was a rumbling mass of people. It was the night of a CINSSU sneak preview of John Singleton's Higher Learning. The film bombed within days of its release, but nevertheless, we were excited.

As the house lights went dim, the Floyd album came to an abrupt stop, two cues that I should begin my spiel. I climbed over bodies that lined the floor and found a spot of ground at the front of the audience. I could see my friends in the center, their eyes glued to me as if I were attempting to lift a million ton weight at the finals. Grabbing the mic in hand, I launched my opener before half of the U of T population, a line borrowed from Robin Williams...

"Firstly.... I'd like to thank my father for coming...." I waited out the dramatic pause for a few seconds, then a minute, but there was no laughter, nor any grunt of confusion; not even from my friends. I continued my announcement while the entire front section searched for my dad.

You probably don't get it either. I realized that I had underestimated the level of intelligence of my peers. They are not the dirty-minded clod I thought they were. Since that stormy night, I've gone back to the boring, yet comprehensible, "Enjoy the show."

For some good clean fun, come out to the Cinema Studies Student Union's Free Friday Film Series, which occur every Friday at 7:30 PM in the Innis Town Hall. Though admission is free, the bad jokes will cost you. Look for the schedule in The Herald or around campus. To get involved, or simply obtain more info about the club, contact Alexi Manis @ 599 6181, or Gala Barrett @ 925 4402. See you at the movies, when I'll try my latest quote from Brett Anderson, "Life has always been cinema to me..."

**Wanted: Editors, Writers,
Rich Widows. Come to the
NEXT HERALD MEETING:
Friday, November 24th
Innis College Pit
4:00 PM**

Are Sperm Banks for You?

Roach

In these trying times, with the Harris government clawing at you like the cold November winds, any source of income is a Good Thing. For those among you with the biological prerequisites, there lies a largely untapped vein of morally and financially rewarding work, for great pay, with flexible hours- and open to almost all comers!

Friend, I speak from experience. Fear not the words of the preachers, and keep an open and courageous mind. If you are a healthy adult male, you are also a Potential Semen Donor, and that's a privilege one should not ignore. Why not get paid for the work you're already doing, while at the same time knowing that you are helping to fill a real need? As someone who stretched my own budget this way once, I'm here with the inside scoop to answer all the questions that no doubt have sprung into your minds (or haven't).

Can anybody do it? Well, everybody already does it sort of. But yes, there IS a physical, as well as a non-physical evaluation. Your blood, urine and semen must be sent to a lab for the most detailed analysis possible. People in poor health, or who are considered high risk for the usual Bad Diseases won't get past the forms you have to fill out. Plus, they hold your semen donations in quarantine for six months before using them, and draw blood once a month, as you go, to make sure that your specimens can be safely used. Minorities, by the way, are more than welcome, as are fathers. "Proven paternity" is actually a bonus item on your resume, where these people are concerned.

How much do you get paid? Figured hourly, a LOT. Of course, this varies greatly across individuals, but it's always "a lot". To be more specific, this "friend of mine" got paid \$120.00 (NET, on a cheque made out to you by name) once a month, for four donations made once a week. Seems to work out to thirty bucks a toss, but not quite- they paid forty per, but they pay only three out of every four (at best) that they actually "use". Every fourth donation is automatically sent down to the lab, usually with your monthly blood sample, for yet another health check. You won't get paid for bad batches, either (low seminal volume, poor sperm count, low mobility, etc.) More on this below. Remember that paying taxes on all forms of income is the duty of every citizen in our democracy.

Are there magazines? Dixie Cups? Once you pass the initial screening, it's simple and civilized the rest of the way. Make an appointment with the receptionist for a convenient day and time. I recommend a one-hour break between classes. When you arrive, you'll be told when the cubicle is free. It's a tiny room, with nothing much in it but a sink (with mirror), a simple chair, a low table with yes, MAGAZINES- a few issues each of the better-known titles. Personally, I found these offensive (although some of the interviews were fascinating), but to each their own. There is also some lubricant-type lotion (Warning: Getting this into your specimen will contaminate it! Or so I was told), baby wipes, high-quality paper towels, and a dispenser of an excellent antibacterial soap. The staff are experienced professionals, and have reached that enlightened/jaded state where what you're doing in that cubicle couldn't interest them in the slightest. But just in

case, the door locks from the inside and a radio is left playing at a covering volume at all times. And finally, there are NO Dixie cups. Just stubby cylindrical specimen jars- the clear plastic ones with purplish screw-on caps. There'll be a fresh one waiting for you, with a mini-questionnaire on a clipboard to be filled out (pen provided). Leave it on top of the filled-out questionnaire when you leave. Remember to wash your hands!



Where are all the Girlie Mags?

What do they do with it? Mostly, insemination. In other words, you may well be knocking somebody up. Two-way anonymity is virtually assured: you are referred to by a unique but arbitrary Donor Number, and the insemination candidate, while told enough to decide if she wants to bear your child, is not told enough to be able to actually identify you. Likewise, you're never told if your specimens are actually being used, or when, or by whom. The records could be obtained, but only by Court Order. I don't know the exact likelihood offhand, but there is the obvious possibility (indeed the stated aim) that at least one of your specimens will eventually be used to impregnate a woman. Think it through, and make sure you are cool with this before you commit yourself. Social Darwinists, of course, needn't bother giving it a second thought.

Won't my friends laugh at me? No one actually NEEDS to know, do they? Of course, this is something else to think about. If heavy-duty guilt or shame runs in your veins, quit now and avoid regrets later on. Personally, I think you can gain a lot by shrugging off these repressive societal taboos and just telling the whole world that you masturbate- which they already took for granted anyway (the smarter ones, at least, and even a lot of the dumber ones). If you have the fortitude, look them square in the eye and tell them you got PAID to do it. See who ends up feeling stupider. If you have the moral conviction (read: if you can buy this line yourself), tell them that you might bring great joy to some loving couple somewhere who desperately want to raise a

child in a loving home. If all else fails, and still wind up with a "Pure Pro Pud Puller" stuck to your back, grin and bear it as a test of your character and a testament of their lack of it. Far more likely, however, will be men asking you (furtively and half-jokingly, of course) how to get started in the business themselves (you get a bonus for successful referrals). Expect women to put you down, but write it off as jealousy. Note: Please don't ask me about egg donations- I don't have a clue. I suppose it's out there somewhere, but it "don't confront me none". Perhaps some female Innisite has a closet to step out of?

What's the catch? Three days ABSTINENCE prior to each donation, to ensure maximal seminal volume and sperm count. More technically, this means 72 hours without ejaculating. For certain people, this is a time period composed almost entirely of etemities. (Or so I am told.) Regardless of one's willpower in this regard, it is, yet again, a factor to be considered if regrets later on are to be avoided. The usual donation pattern is once a week, so it's really not too hard to develop a tolerable routine that minimizes any stress and inconvenience. I recommend a regular Wednesday afternoon donation, which leaves Wednesday night through most of the weekend free for whatever luck you might have, or wish you were having. For those of you in relationships, check with your partner before scheduling regular "out-of-order" periods. You may find yourself with more free sperm than you bargained for. Or just set Monday and Tuesday nights aside for Studying and Ritual Self-Flagellation, respectively. But remember: NO LOAD BLOWING! I can relate from the experience the pain of a one-Tuesday-night stand, quite apart from not bringing me the spiritual fulfillment I sought, effectively cost me thirty bucks as well.

But isn't it just plain wrong? Puritans and technico-peasants can gripe all they want, but it's the future and it's going to be here for a while. Get used to it. If you don't find it wrong, get in on it. If you DO find it wrong, go moan about it to somebody else, because I'm deaf in that ear. As a sometimes-philosopher, I argue it with the best of them, but I don't see it being worth the effort. It's safe and perfectly legal, and you get free and frequent health checks out of it, too. I'm proud to be a professional chicken-choker, and I encourage the able among you to join the ranks. At the very least, find out more about it- avoid snap-judgments. And if you should decide to try out for the good ole Salaried Salami Stroker's Society, be sure to tell them that Roach sent you. They can give my finder's fee to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind (CNIB).

(Disclaimer: This is all true as I can tell it with a semi-straight face. My tale is based upon my experience with ReproMed Ltd., a commercial therapeutic insemination clinic here in Toronto. There are others. My only relationship with them is that of past donor. For more info, they can be reached 9-5 Mon-Fri, or 9-Noon Sat, at (416) 233-1212. Or fax them at 233-9180. It's true about the referral money, but it's also true that I don't need it. This message is provided as a public service.)

Dear The Reverse Psychologist:

By Doctor Kristoff von Kooling

Dear Doctor von Kooling:
I am in a rather sticky situation, and I hope that you can get me out of it. I threw up in the bathroom last night, and really made a mess of things. I know that if my suite-mates discover how I've soiled things, they will be very cross with me. I am so worried. Please help me.

Projectile Vomiter

Dear Mr. Vomiter: First of all, don't be worried, because there is an easy way out of everything. Maybe the situation isn't as bad as you previously thought. You should try leaving the mess for one of your other suite-mates to clean up. Maybe one of them got drunk last night too, and will think that she made the mess and will clean it up for you. Either way, that gamble is a lot better than sticking around your apartment. Better yet, maybe you've just got some kind of fancy rug you can throw in there to cover the problem. If you're worried about the smell, just leave your suite-mates a note telling them you "took a big crap and forgot to flush". These are just a couple of the many ways you can solve your problem. Above all, just get out of the apartment for a while. Go for a walk or grab a smoke. Get another drink if you have to, but remember: the more time you spend avoiding this problem, the better off you will be.

Dear Doctor von Kooling:
While I was recently looking under my 13 year old son's mattress for my car keys, I discovered some discouraging reading material. Several pornographic magazines, in various states of "mint condition", were lurking there. I realize that masturbation might be normal for a kid his age, but I just have to tell him something. What should I do? A Worried Dad



Dear Mr. Dad:

This is just the sort of sick, perverse behaviour that should be stopped right away before your child ends up in the circus, on Geraldo, or even worse: both. There are a number of somewhat extreme measures you can take to immediately correct the problem, but unfortunately none of them are legal in this country. If the law does not deter you (as it should not), electric appliances can be bought in most hardware stores. A simpler, however, and less physically painful solution does exist. Wait until the next time your son is on the phone with a friend, maybe even one of his "girlfriends". Simply pick up another extension and ask his friend "are you aware that my son is obsessed with staring at women's anuses, and I've got the semen-stained pieces of newsprint to prove it". The abject horror and humiliation your son undoubtedly will experience are nothing when you compare them to the immense amount of legal bills you might otherwise have to face. Remember, there is no motivator as strong as shame.

Dear Dr. Von Kooling:

I have recently found myself in the rather awkward position of inheriting a newspaper nobody wants. I am stumped to come up with material for it, and the deadlines are approaching. My face is covered in stubble and my fingers are covered in cigarette burns. Anyway, a friend of mine recently left a lot of research for an article he's writing for another paper at my house. If I steal it from him and write the article myself, is that plagiarism? Can I be charged or anything? JS

Dear Joel:

As you know, I am a great believer in the phrase "imitation is the strongest form of flattery". Never has a true word been spoken! If your friend's idea is good enough, take it and run with it. He will be so flattered that you took just a simple idea of his and expanded it into an entire article, that he won't be able to come up with enough words of praise to thank you. If your friend is an especially bitter type, use his name in the article and give him credit as having helped you, but don't tell him. This way people will think that he did it all, when he really did none of the work. Of course, your readers may be confused by who wrote what, but isn't the only important thing that a paper gets printed? Food for thought from the good doctor.

.. Entertainment ..

Edited by Andy and Craig

Film Review:

Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls

Andy Millar

For those who enjoyed the original Ace, they will find that this version contains much of the same physical humour and catch phrases that they so crave. Some of it is really hilarious (the Cliffhanger intro), while some seems like a rehash of Ace 1 with a jungle theme. Anyway, Ace 2 takes our favorite pet detective to the heart of the African jungle. He is employed by someone who I swear is Thurston Howell III. The whole movie I keep expecting Gilligan to jump out from the bushes with Thurston's bamboo golf clubs. But I digress. He is hired to find a sacred bat, stolen from a native tribe. If the bat is not found, war is imminent. Yeah right.

As I said before, this film contains some extremely funny scenes, but some parts are just slightly annoying. It's not really the fault of the film though. I think I had just become sick of hearing "All righty then!" said by EVERYONE. Sure, it was funny for a while, and now just nauseating. It's really too bad. But I guess that's what people wanted, the same old Ace. This is what they get. I liked the original, and I like this one almost as much. If you didn't like the original, don't go see this one. There is no allegorical meaning or Jungian symbolism. But there is a lot of phlegm - as you will see if you go see Ace 2. If you are a fan of Jim Carrey, it's definitely worth \$8 to see this flick. I give it three and a half Eberts.



Film Review:

Copycat

Craig Clemens

Once again, Sigourney Weaver is the star of an intense film that is full of violence and suspense. Weaver plays an criminology professor who turns agoraphobic (fear of the outdoors) after being witness to a murder, and nearly getting cut up herself. Weaver locks herself up in her apartment the whole movie and gets drunk while two detectives try to solve a series of brutal murders committed by a serial killer. Weaver becomes involved in trying to solve the crimes while being stalked by the killer herself. If you enjoy seeing movies that contain lots of blood, torture, murder, knives, fatal injections, hangings, and most of all, stalking, then this movie is for you. If you enjoyed the movie "Seven" with Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman then you will definitely enjoy Copycat. However, if you plan on seeing the movie just for Harry Connick Jr. then don't. He looks like a complete psycho and fills his role very well but he does not have a very large part in the movie at all. This film was definitely not of Oscar caliber but it did have a very interesting story line. I recommend this movie to anyone who likes a suspenseful film that keeps you on the edge of your seat. And for those of you who just like a good murder flick.

Beavis and Butthead Quote

"The angle of dangle is inversely proportional to the heat of the meat"
Beavis 1994

dies in her mother's arms.

Act II opens onto the forest glade where Giselle is buried. It is midnight and Hilarion mourns at Giselle's grave under the moonlight. Suddenly he finds himself surrounded by the Willis, ghosts of maidens who have died as a result of betrayal in love. Led by their Queen, they haunt the forests for faithless lovers and dance them to death. Needless to say, Hilarion hasn't a chance against these fearsome spirits and is danced by them to the shores of a nearby lake and drowned. Albrecht enters, and weeping, begs forgiveness at Giselle's tomb. To his shock and horror Giselle appears. She is one of the Willis now, and has been commanded by their Queen to kill him. Unable to break away from this scene of terror and death, Albrecht dances wildly with Giselle, urged on by the Queen. He is exhausted and begs the Queen to let him stop, but she is unrelenting. Giselle, fearing for the life of her lover, manages to keep Albrecht alive until dawn when the Willis' power is destroyed. Albrecht is saved by Giselle's forgiveness, yet is filled with sorrow as he watches her spirit disappear into the forest, leaving him desolate and alone.

The National Ballet of Canada

The story of *Giselle* is melodrama at its finest, and allows for some spectacular dancing. I had the opportunity to see the National Ballet of Canada's production of *Giselle*, with Yseult Lendvai and Vladimir Malakhov dancing the leads of Giselle and Albrecht. Ms. Lendvai is a tiny, petite woman, well suited to the role of the innocent, carefree Giselle. She seemed so sweet I had my doubts as to whether she would make a convincing madwoman. To my great shock and delight my fears were unconfirmed. At the moment of Albrecht's betrayal Lendvai threw herself about the stage like a broken doll, evoking both feelings of pity and horror. In Act II she crossed the stage in tiny steps, taking on the ghostly demeanor of a fragile mirage that would disappear if touched. Greta Hodgkinson was a commanding figure as the Queen of the Willis, however the lack of costume differentiation made it difficult to distinguish her from the corps. I thought the most spectacular dancing came from Vladimir Malakhov in the role of Albrecht. In the second act his leaps soared, and he hovered weightless in the air longer than seemed humanly possible. Though the character Albrecht strained from the effort of this fabulous dancing, Malakhov himself did not exhibit any signs of the exhaustion he might have felt throughout the grueling and difficult choreography of the second act.

Other people worth mentioning

Sir Peter Wright has staged over a dozen productions of *Giselle*. He staged this current performance for The National Ballet of Canada in 1970. His choreography has been praised for its clarity of plot and preservation of Romantic elements. Desmond Heeley designed the sets of *Giselle* for Wright's 1970 production. They are vibrantly colored, fairy tale scenes of the German Rhineland. Ormsby Wilkins is the Music Director and Principle Conductor of the National Ballet Orchestra. He has received critical acclaim for his interpretations of the music of the classical ballets.

If you would like to attend...

If ballet interests you, I would urge you to go and see *Giselle*. It is performed at the O'Keefe Center from November 4 until November 17, then again on March 1 and 2. I realize entertainment of this sort is expensive for a student's budget, but for the Saturday March 2 matinee performance, every seat in the house is \$20. If you are interested, the Box Office is open Monday through Saturday from 11am to 6pm (9pm on performance nights) or call TicketMaster at 872-2262.

Trying to work away your writers block? You have until Tuesday, November 28th to submit something to the Innis Herald for the December issue. That's because it's our deadline.

The Bridge.

"Tale As Old As Time..."

Theatre Review: Beauty and the Beast

Seda Nanorian

I recently had the good fortune of attending Disney Theatrical Canada's performance of *Beauty And The Beast*. As a dedicated Disney fan (I have the *Lion King* mobile hanging above my bed), I was sceptical of the transition between the touching animated film and the on-stage musical. To my great surprise and delight, the show melted away all scepticism within the opening act and continued to do so every minute thereafter.

Disney's musical, performed at The Princess of Wales Theatre, starred Kerry Butler as "Belle" and Chuck Wagner as "the Beast" in this timeless love story. For those unfamiliar with the plot, the tale begins when a young prince is turned into a beast by an enchantress, whom he has shunned away because of her haggard appearance. Ashamed of his monstrous new cloak, the Beast locks himself in his castle with a magic rose. If all the petals of the rose fall off before he learns to love and be loved in return, he will remain a beast forever. The humour in the story involves the transition of all his servants into enchanted objects, including a clock, a wardrobe, a teacup, a candle stick, and more. They too are under the spell until the Beast can break it.

As in any "happily ever after" story, Belle stumbles upon the Beast's castle in trying to find her lost father. She agrees to be his captive if he releases her father and so they painfully get to know one another and eventually fall in love. But, the tale would not be complete without the arrogant villain, Gaston (played by Dan R. Chamroy), who himself is in love with Belle and wants to put an end to the Beast. So, the stage is set. You have the beautiful girl, the conniving villain, and a host of dancing cutlery and furniture!

The most spectacular parts of this production were the sets and costumes. The incredible detail and imagination that went into these creations was astounding. The recreation of the Beast's castle was perfectly haunting and Belle's village and home were unquestionably quirky and quaint. I marveled over the ingenious utensils, particularly those of Lumière (who's hands actually lit on fire), Cogswell (who's stomach was a pendulum), and Madame De La Grand Bouche (who was wearing a wardrobe whose doors and drawers actually opened). They even had a small boy's head in a teacup as Chip! One problem though; does anybody else remember the dog that becomes an ottoman, because they didn't.

The ultimate test of the limits of *Beauty And The Beast* on stage was the "Be Our Guest" scene from the movie, complete with flying plates and cutlery. Well, they did it. I couldn't believe it. Cheese cutters, knives, plates, salt and pepper shakers, egg beaters... name a kitchen utensil and they had somebody dressed up in it. It was really quite amazing to watch. Topped off with what seemed like the extended version of the song, they managed to transform one of the best scenes from the movie into one of the most memorable scenes on stage.

One final comment on the production. For those who have seen the movie and cried at the end, don't expect the same tear-jerking sentiments from the show. Okay, I shed a couple of tears, but it somehow lacked the intensity of the animated film. This was a little disappointing because they had the medium to make it a lot more emotional, using real people and all. Maybe they didn't want a bunch of disheartened children crying during the performance.

Nonetheless, don't let that detract from this rave review. The show was incredible. The characters were terrific, especially the Beast, Gaston, and Lumière. To top it off, you leave the theatre with a warm, fuzzy, the world-is-perfect feeling. So, I give the show an enthusiastic two-thumbs up and recommend it for kids and adults alike, and those permanently stuck in between myself.

One last note. When in The Princess of Wales Theatre, make sure you take a moment to use the washroom facilities. They are really cool!

Interview: A Match Doesn't Make Any Noise When It's Burning.

Carrie and Lauren

If a DJ is a noun, is 'to DJ' a verb? What is the correct verb? We asked DJs Jarkko and Sugar Daddy Moth (A.K.A. Scott) to clarify. "Djing is the actual act of mixing records but sometimes we say I'm spinning tonight, I'm going to spin some discs, play some records, or (chuckle) educate the kiddies."

Once upon a time in a little town named Kincardine, lived two boys who liked skateboards and art. "Scott was just hangin' out n' drawin' n' stuff," when one art led to another and in turn,



they began to tackle a different form of perception.

For Jarkko, music evolved from 'being the guy who brought the bag of tapes to parties and turned them over when they were done' to being more than just a passive listener. In 1989 when the whole acid house thing broke, two significant habits were set in their groove: he started buying vinyl and hanging out with Scott. When Jarkko made the move to the big city, he was being asked to play various boozecams and parties.

Scott's interest in jazz was growing as he began listening to techno in Scotland the following year. He came to Toronto to visit Jarkko and started spinning "just for fun. That's all it was ever meant to be...fun!" Spinning music was simply a natural progression stemming from their interests.

Jarkko described the music he plays and listens to as simply, "good tunes". "It's the music you can listen to forever," citing dub and reggae. What he plays has to be indisputably good, "even if you don't like it as your opinion, you can't deny it as an artistic endeavor and something that's actually well done." This comment was substantiated by the fact that although neither one of us particularly prefer jungle, we cannot deny that what he plays is good and he translates the breakbeats into music we can fully enjoy and truly appreciate. However, you can catch either one of them on a different night and it will be a different mood reflected in what they are playing. "It's an extension of how you feel." He enjoys what he calls 'channeling cosmos' and spreading the fun that he has while spinning to everyone in the vibe. One unidentified groovin' cool cat at last week's Trip Hop Thursday confidently explained that, "Jarkko's music is absolutely perfect for making love to."

On the other hand, Scott could only say, "Um..." but after a moment of thought revealed, "Almost all the tunes that I play deal with duality. There's all this broken fluttering stuff... like in jungle or (tr)hip hop there's the double time element and a half time element and the tension between the two creates the funk! There's duality even in the way that I mix. DJing has influenced my life rather than the other way around. It has become a complete metaphor for the way that I interact with people and with the things around me. Like two opposing rhythms, two opposing people's energies at any given moment when they meet can either clash or coincide and it's all about how you mix into the situation. It's not about manipulating the other it's just about making the two co-unite," eloquently said, Scott-ed. "I like Sugar Daddy Moth cuz he brings the phattiness," says Judge Rob.

After an uncomfortable silence, Scott commented that, "they (uncomfortable silences) allow you to watch people's reactions." It's all about playing with sound (and the absence of it). Just like in art, the negative space is just as important as the positive space - that's what he likes about breakbeat - and it's just like in life - and that's why DJing has become such a metaphor for life.

Jarkko and Scott are both tattoo artists at Urban Primitive and feel that the philosophies behind the two art forms definitely intermix, especially with the people, the interpersonal relationship. Whether it's on the floor or in your hand, there's a lot of similarities.

Tattooing is something that's really intimate and just like all of the best parties they have experienced, they were all intimate. "It's all about human interaction on a really high level. Intimacy is where humanity shines."

The Subway room is the place which really got things going for Scott. All those nights were pure magic - all informal good fun. In the works of Jarkko, "That's when the public realized who he was and created a demand. Scott had the grounds to do things he never got the chance to do before and the crowd was so responsive. It was definitely an invaluable learning experience." That pure magic has been felt at many different locations, times and under different circumstances. Scott passionately described every Alien party as, "one that I've left saying, 'That was the best fuckin' party I've ever been to in my whole life!' and then the next time I go, I'm saying the same thing." Jarkko also noted the Moontribe parties as always having had a strange element of good fun in them as well as citing every time DJ Rap has played as a magical experience.

Jarkko has numerous ideas that he is in the process of transforming into plans for the future. Scott would like to, "afflict humanity in a positive way, attain nirvana, then explore other universes". Oh, and how could we forget the Garth Brooks and Billy Ray Cyrus remixes (for the Kincardine folk he left behind) beginning with Flaky Breaky Crack, a story of a drug deal gone bad... "If you steal my crack, my flaky, breaky crack, I don't think you'll live through the night..."

In the near future, Sugar Daddy Moth and Jarkko can be found at the Dance Cave (above Lee's Palace, see flyer) at SAFE Sundays with Lex and Ru of Post Contemporary and the occasional guest DJ and/or live artist. One of the two can also be found every Thursday night at Trip Hop Thursdays. This event is moving from its current location at 3000 BC (50 Blue Jay Way, south of King) to the Cameron House in December (the corner of Cameron st. and Queen W. 1 block west of Spadina). They are playing the new Guerilla weekly (run by 'Alien' 760-3132) on Friday, Nov. 24. Jarkko is playing in London the second week of December and he and Scott are playing one of the biggest raves ever in Ottawa on December 23rd.

After meeting with these two, the conventional structure of the interview lost all of its meaning. Now we are aware that if you really want to find out about the intelligent people on this planet they will go beyond the typical interview questions and give real insight. Scott and Jarkko's answers gave our more typical questions depth and make the boring ones funny. Beyond being really nice guys, the music they play is truly evocative. When we hear Jarkko and Sugar Daddy, these here kiddies realize more and more that music really doesn't need words to express complex thoughts and emotions. We need only get up and dance to understand. As one Space Cowgirl remarked on her way out of the Dance Cave last Sunday night (11:15 am) during Sugar Daddy Moth's set, "This music's so good I can't leave!" On her second attempt out the door, she added, "I can't stop dancing!...It's like, one big groovy thing, man."



JARKKO (IN THE WORDS OF SUGAR DADDY MOTH)

JARKKO AN' ME, WE HOOKED UP BY ACCIDENT SOME LONG TIME AGO. I WAS HITCH-HIKING IN THE NEVADA DUST BOWL WHEN OUTTA NOWHERE HE CAME ALL'A'HOLLERIN AND BOOMIN' DOWN TH' ROAD IN SOME RUSTY OLD IMPORT JOB, BACK AXLE HELD ON WITH SCOTCH TAPE AN' CHAW, AN OUTTA THE BACK'O THAT CAR'S STEREO'S COMIN' THE HOBOS SIT UND ER MOON-LADEN SKY WITH ONLY THE TRAINS AS RIDDIM. SO I SHOWS HIM A LITTLE LEG AN' HE PULLS UP AND LOOKS THROUGH THE SMOKE, A CIGAR SIZED CANON IN HIS YELLOW TEETH, HIS EYES SHININ' LIKE BLUE STONES OUT OF A CARPENTER'S CALLOUSED HANDS, AND HE SAYS: 'DE CAAR MEBBE SHAKEY, BUT MI MUSIC HOL ALL AGETHA.' SO I CLIMBED ON IN AN' TOOK A BIG GREEN HAUL OFF THE HOOCH AN' WE BARRELED OFF INTO THE DESERT. SINCE THEN I'VE SEEN THE INSIDE OF EVERY DANCEHALL AN'TEACHAHOUSE THIS SIDE O' BABYLON. MY HAIR'S LONGER, MY SKIN TIRED, BUT THROUGH ALL THE ROUGH AN' ALL THE TOUGH, THE MUSIC HOLD IT ALL TOGETHER.



What's New in Academe: Asterix on Cocaine

[Ed. Note: We asked for some rollicking confrontational arguments on divisive topics like Asterix vs. Tintin and Coke vs. Pepsi. But due to late-night confusion the wrong ones were sent out. Duh!]

from our correspondent with the delirium tremens:
Damian Tamrowsky

It is time for the truth to out. An antique friend of mine (who, I must confess, was once Turkish ambassador to Cuba) has sent me snippets of research he has been conducting when not involved in the llama business, and it's going to set the god-awful world of post-structuralist French visual theory on its ear. Nothing like this has been heard of since Eisen's "Pocket" theory crushed later-sensualists circles to their very roots. My Turkish friend, we'll call him X, sent me the following:

"Farlow [he always calls me Farlow in correspondence relating to logical positivism. I haven't yet worked out why] - you must take up and read. Asterix, the infamous little French Achilles figure, is a front. He's a cokehead, and to understand why, you need to ingest copious amounts of cocaine."

"X", I wrote back when I had translated the Sanskrit, 'what the blistering Barthes are you talking about?'. And yea, his next letter was longer:

"Farlow! Farlow! Read! Look! That's what I did in the wilderness years, and I uncovered many a quashed dissertation, many a book that never got past the galleys because of mysteriously Neo-Platonic arson, many an editor threatened with Afghan torture. I smell the smell of conspiracy. Three Latin American universities are investigating bribery allegations regarding doctoral boards and candidates. Not bizarre, you think? Every thesis proposal was on the *bande-dessinée*. This goes all the way back to the Bayeux Tapestry! I have two of the theses, I can't say where from:

Exhibit 1: Susanson, Andrea. "Post-Modern Semiotic Articulation: Visual Aspects of Homoeoerotic Drug Culture in Latert-day Goscinny and Uderzo". This fascinating little proposal was so scathingly criticised by a supervisor that Susanson was hospitalised. I quote from the text itself, which although it is heavily ellipticised by older hands, fell into mine by methods of which

an Austrian caretaker would be proud:

"One need only glance at the basics of pre-chaistic synecdochal interpretations of the earlier framed aesthetics of the quasi-type 'A' Asterix works and [censored phrase] allowing the Romantic paradigm to fall away: Asterix is an eternally youthful figure with no connection to the world of love [here one might quote *Asterix the Legionary* as a biased counter-example of lustful affection for the Panacea mother-symbol, but let us allow Susanson to continue - X] a Pukish sprite (noting the interpolation into middling Greek translations of abumbrated pentameter) who darts through the blantly phallic forest in search of wild boar ('a heaving buttocked [censored word] beast', as Gardner puts it in his suppressed *Stripping the Gaul*. Univ. of Minn. Press, 1981?). He is replenished in his efforts by "magic" potion, which in a lightning bolt of thunderous energy provides him [censored word]."

Here the page is cut off by a hurl of furious rhetorical invective. However, a short undergraduate was present at one of his professor's meticulous discussions of Susanson's thought, melodramatically scheduled for 9:00am over crumpets. Although he begged anonymity when discussing the matter with me, he has since been banished from his university for 'leering'. I quote:

"He was, like, really mad, you know? Like really mad? And he said that she said that she thought that the magic potion was like, not a good thing but like, a bad thing, because it was, you know, like...a drug? Then he hit me really hard in the elbow...it really hurts...look..."

The supposition of the not-so-positive aspects of the potion are taken up by Swain in his own thesis. It was banned, but I have a source who knows an ultra-vixen:

Exhibit 2: *Pharmakopeia and Helmets* (1977). "It is obvious to even the untrained mind what the potion must represent, for its repeated intrusion into the narrative: it is a blast of violent sensuality matched only by a stimulant of the sort derived from mashed coca leaves. How do we know? One look at the shad old duid's name suffices: Getafix! Get - a - 'Fix' is the person who 'Gets' Asterix his 'fix'."

Need I say more, Farlow? Need I say more? It's all coming together, the stews in Bordeaux and the man hanging from London Bridge! Just look at the earlier ones, come now! *Asterix at the Olympic Games*, and the constant thematic preoccupation with the size (no accident this, given the sublimated homoerotic longing the works fester on between Asterix and the gigantic-overdosed at birth - Obelix) of the Greeks' noses - the Gaul's noses are bigger! Nasal passages widened by the evil powder! A wider nose so more cocaine fits in! Witness *Asterix* and the Black



Gold, where the Ddyssean hero volunteers on a mission to retrieve an essential ingredient of the old duffer's drugs. His own dependency is fleshed out moralistically, as upon his failed return it turns out not to have been necessary after all!"

The letter ended there, and I don't know who sent it. The stamps are Swahili, so maybe there is hope, a sea-change among the young and the idealistic who live without my old withered fusty underwear smells. I think I know what X meant to say, though. The Asterix books are incomplete, he once started telling me over four margaritas. They are incomplete in structure, every phrase, every momentary sensation leaves you wanting explanation, leaves you saying "This did not happen historically!" or "That is not possible!" or "This is a comic!", the reader, in an otiose sense the viewer, steps in to finish off the narrative. To do so fully, he must experience the highs of pre-Christian ritual, and be on cocaine also, I think that's what he means, anyway. I must leave you, friends, to do some lines over my new copy of *Asterix in Colombia*.

ICSS President Speaks after 7 Year Absence: Rumours of Andy's Ling's Death Greatly Exaggerated

When the "new" editors of the Herald approached me to write an article about what's happening at the ICSS for their roll of literary toilet paper, my first thought was "Joel, get off my ass: I've got an essay due tomorrow." But after some careful reflection and thought, I figured I have some sort of moral obligation as President of the student society to inform you of what we're doing with your hard-eared cash.

To begin with I'd like to thank all the Frosh, Frosh Leaders and Staff for making Orientation Week a success! (3) I hope that everyone has great memories of the week (Eugene Fong Dere as a "trussed up rabid hog" for one) and I apologize if anyone now has fewer brain cells than when the week began.

Anways, enough fuzzy recollections. I want to talk about the tremendous success the Iinis intramural athletic teams are enjoying this year. Congratulations to the women's Football Team who made it for the playoffs for the second consecutive year. Unfortunately, they lost to those crazy wig-wearing zealots from Trinity College (so sue me, it's freedom of speech). The men's intramurals have enjoyed success through their volleyball, football, soccer and hockey teams. Finally, congratulations are also due to the rugby team, which has pounded, sucked, mauled, mugged, and knifed its way to a Division II championship against St. Mike's. Not even God (yep, I'm going to hell) can save their team from getting their collective ass...I digress.

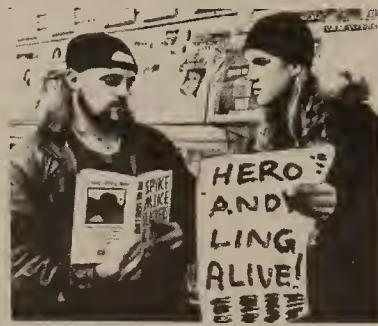
The co-ed volleyball team has also made it to the semi-final playoffs in their division. All this success is due to the high-calibre (not guns) of new Iini Frosh athletes who have boosted the ranks of its "has-been, never was" aging upper years.

This brings me to my next topic on this bouncy ride of an article. PARTICIPATION. In order for the student society to put on events people events want to come to we must know what you want. Unfortunately, my psychic link-up machine was damaged during the formation of the Aare Club. Therefore, we no longer know what we want. Come by Room 116 and tell us what you want and give us a call, our operators are standing by.

There are tons of things going on next semester so it doesn't matter if you live in Scarborough, Mississauga, in a shoebox across the street, the "new" res, the "old" res (V.L.F. Lives to those who know!), I think there is something for everyone. Beginning in January we have the annual Iini semi-formal, more

intramural sports, movies courtesy of CINSSU and SPAM, forums by USS and ENSU, a play at the Hart House Festival brought to you by the drama club, more pubs, and more Herald articles (yeah!). Let's be honest here, I really don't give a shit what you choose to do, just get involved! It makes university life less dreary and you get to find out where your cash goes to!

To conclude this offensive article I'll say this: Good luck on your exams, essays and lives, because when it's all said and done you get to sleep the endless sleep. (An aside to James in Room 208 at the res. Enough of the lame jokes or this long cold shudder could come a lot sooner than you think! Besides, no one is going to confuse a tall red Q-tip for the important president at Innis (relax, I'm talking shit, but who cares?).



Cheap Crap:

Cathy Oh

If you're as poor as I am, you can't afford to buy clothes at Club Monaco or Banana Republic, or heck, even Sears. Besides, do you really want to? Here is a guide to some places in downtown Toronto to buy cheap clothes.

Value Village (on Bloor, west of Lansdowne and Danforth, east of Woodbine)

It may require a subway ride for most people, but I'm telling you, this place is worth it. Value Village is an emporium of clothes, shoes, furniture, and various other sundries. There are tons upon tons of clothes here, and although most of them are of the K-Mart variety, a little bit of hunting will turn upnumerable treasures.

Clothing and shoes range from \$2-7 generally, and if you're lucky enough to shop one on of the many 50% days, they're even cheaper (50% cheaper, as a matter of fact). They get new shipments at least once a week, so it's worth it to go often. One warning: a few unaccountable dim salespeople. Value Village is great. I love Value Village. I adore Value Village. I worship Value Village.

GoodWill (all over Toronto) and Buy the Pound (Adelaide, at Church)

Shopping at Buy the Pound requires a great deal of patience and the ability to shove other people aside to get to the stuff you want. The clothes are not organized in any way whatsoever; they are all simply dumped onto tables. Most things are pretty disgusting, but again, with some diligent searching, you can leave Buy the Pound with an entire new wardrobe for less than \$20. Because, the best thing about Buy The Pound is that, as the name implies, you pay \$1 per pound of clothing.

GoodWill stores, unlike Buy the Pound, do organize their clothes and have some semblance of quality control. The prices are higher than at Buy The Pound, but still very, very cheap.

9-0

The thing about Kensington is that there are genuinely cheap stores and then there are expensive stores trying to fool you into thinking they're cheap just because they are on Kensington, like Noise and Shakti. Courage My Love in generally the cheapest store on the street, and they also have tons of jewelry and beads. I get the feeling the Kensington market store owners go to Value Village and GoodWill, pick out the good stuff, and sell them at inflated prices. But even still, the clothes are cheap and the sitting off of crap is much appreciated. And beside, you get to hang out on Queen Street and look oh so hip and alternative - just like all those junior high school girls.

Queen Street West

I'm not kidding, there are actually a few stores along Queen Street that are fairly cheap, but none of them are on ground level, since this would be unsightly and detract from the gorgeous people/gorgeous clothes-Queen-Street-West myth. I don't actually know the names of any of these upper level stores, except Black Market, but they exist, honestly (try Queen and John). They sell the same sort of clothes as at Kensington, at about the same prices, but the salespeople and clientele are much cuter here.

Yonge Street (between Bloor and Queen)

There are so many stores on Yonge Street, you can find almost anything here. But specifically, Yonge is good for cheap underwear, tights, leggings and bad tourist clothing. Be sure to check out the various army surplus type stores and interesting head shops for paraphilia of all sorts. Not clothing, but also cheap on Yonge Street: tape decks/CD players and all the trappings, batteries, plants, cosmetics and jewelry.

...Innis Sports...

Intramurals: How-To

Len McKee

In case you haven't participated on an intramural team or don't know what intramurals are, this article will give you a brief description of what they are.

Here are some commonly asked questions about Intramurals.

Who is Eligible to Play Intramurals?

Anyone who is a member of the department of Athletics and Recreation. If you paid tuition, covered in your incidental fees is a membership to the department of Athletics and Recreation. University of Toronto Staff members are eligible to play as well as any member of the community who pays the DAR membership fee. If you have a little sticker on the corner of your student card, that signifies you're eligible to play. If you don't have a sticker but you have paid your fees, go to the Athletic Centre. Show them your card and they will give you a validation sticker.

Are There Tryouts for These Teams? Do You Cut People?

No, Innis does not believe in cutting people. The goal of the Intramural Program at Innis is, above all else, to ensure people have fun. This is not to say that Innis does not want to win, but if winning means benching people or creating an atmosphere in which people are afraid that if they make a mistake they are going to get yelled at, we would prefer to lose. The Women's Touch Football, Men's Rugby, and Men's Hockey teams are all examples of how teams can win without taking on an elitist attitude.

How Do You Determine Who Plays Who?

University of Toronto intramurals usually involve colleges or faculties competing against each other. Sometimes a group of friends or a student organization can get together and form a team by simply going to the team entry meeting, balloting for a sport and paying the performance bond.

What Are Performance Bonds?

Performance bonds are money put up to ensure that you will show up to games. For team sports this is usually \$50 per sport. A team gets back all of their money at the end of the season if they do not default any games. If a team defaults they cough up \$25 to the Department of Intramurals. If a team defaults its first regular season game it loses all \$50 and is kicked out of the league. Also, if a team defaults a second game it is out of the league. If there is a team on a waiting list, that team takes its place. If there is no team on the waiting list that team can re-enter the league provided they put up another \$50. The idea is to discourage defaults and at the same time use the performance bond money to improve the Intramural program.

For colleges or faculties, such as Innis or Pharmacy, a lump sum payment is put up at the beginning of the year to cover all the men's or women's teams' performance bonds. Default money is taken out accordingly. If a performance bond is entirely used up, the Intramural Department can request another performance bond to be put up. Last year, for example, Innis put up a \$250 performance bond for the men's program and lost approximately \$75 of it due to defaults. For a college like Innis, the only time defaults occur are when it is a travel game to Scarborough or Erindale or the team captain is not calling people. (Or when apathy abounds, but that would *never* happen at Innis. Way to sugarcoat - Ed.)

The Co-ed program is slightly different; performance bonds are done based upon the number of leagues or tournaments entered into.

Who's Responsible for Putting Together Intramural Sports Teams?

The Intramural Sports Rep is responsible for paying performance bonds for colleges, attending Intramural Sports Committee meetings, and appointing Captains for the teams. Captains, in turn, are responsible for going to team entry meetings, informing their players of games and ensuring that their players are eligible.

What Do the Different Divisions Mean?

A commonly asked question is what do the different divisions mean. Division I is usually the most competitive division where the strongest teams enter. Often you will find that former

varsity athletes who don't have the time end up in Division I. Other time Division I is meaningless. For example, in Men's Touch Football this year, the three best teams were not in Division I, but Division II, Victoria College, Pharmacy and St. Mike's would have been outstanding Division I teams this year and would have likely given MBA, the Division I champion, a run for their money. Division II gives preferences to Colleges and Faculties, which is why so many of the Innis teams are in Division II, because we are guaranteed a spot. The difference between Division II and III is also sometimes misleading. A good example of this is Men's Hockey. Many say that Division III is actually a lot stronger than Division II. This to some extent is true. Often there are 24 teams vying for 16 spots in Division III while only 10 teams want in Division II where there are 16 open spots. As a result, you will often find teams who want in Division II and thus there is a great dichotomy between the good and the bad teams in Division II.

Innis Scoreboard:

Women's Touch Football:
3-3 Regular Season Record
Loss in First Round of Playoffs to St. Hilda's

Co-ed Volleyball: Division A
4-1-1 (Forfeit) Regular Season Record -
2nd Place

Playoffs:

First round: Innis 2, Wycliffe 0;
2nd round: Innis 2, Oentistry 0;

Semifinals: Innis vs. Phys Ed.:
Mon. Nov. 20, 7:00 p.m., Sports Gym,
Ath. Ctr.

Men's Basketball: Division II
Oct. 11: Innis 45, Civil Engineering 27;
Oct. 17: Victoria 32, Innis 28;
Oct. 24: Law 50, Innis 30;
Oct. 31: Oentistry 42, Innis 14;
Nov. 7: St. Mike's 63, Innis 14;
Nov. 14: Engineering B 73, Innis 24

Men's Volleyball: Division II
Oct. 11: Innis 2, Trinity 0;
Oct. 17: Innis 2, Woodsworth 0;
Oct. 31: Innis 2, Faculty of Education 0;
Nov. 9: Scarborough 2, Innis 0;
Nov. 16: St. Mike's vs. Innis, 9:00 p.m. Sports Gym 2

Men's Touch Football: Division I
Sept. 18: Innis 18, Oovo 0;
Sept. 25: MBA 12, Innis 0;
Oct. 4: Erindale 18, Innis 6;
Oct. 11: Innis defaults to Scarborough;
Oct. 16: University 27, Innis 21;
Oct. 23: Law 27, Innis 6

Finished 7th out of 8 teams;
MBA wins Oivision Championship over
Erindale.

Men's Hockey: Oivision II
Oct. 13: Innis wins by default to New College
Oct. 30: Innis 4, MBA 1;
Nov. 6: Faculty of Education 6, Innis 3;
Nov. 15: Innis 3, Physical Education 2;
Nov. 20: Innis vs. Woodsworth
Clinched a Playoff spot.

Men's Rugby: Division II (12 aside)
Sept. 21: Innis 17, Engineering 8;
Sept. 28: St. Mike's 22, Innis 0;
Oct. 5: Erindale 7, Innis 5; (At Erindale)
Oct. 12: Innis 38, St. Mike's 0;
Oct. 19: Innis 31, Engineering 8 0;
Oct. 27: Innis over Erindale by Oefault

Regular Season 1st Place overall.

Oivision II Championship: Saturday,
November 18th
vs. St. Mike's, Back Campus West, 12:00 p.m.

Mulock Cup Final: Division II Champ vs.
Scarborough, 1:00 p.m., Back Campus West

Beginning Next Term:

MEN'S:

Basketball:
Divisions II and III
4 on 4 Volleyball
Hockey: Division II
Indoor Soccer
Water Polo
Ball Hockey Tournament
Tennis Doubles
Tournament

WOMEN'S:

Basketball: Division II
Indoor Soccer
Volleyball
Tennis Doubles
Tournament

CO-ED

Volleyball
Basketball

Look for the yellow
Intramural sign-up
sheets posted at the
College the first
week of January.

Ontario Beer: It's Actually Quite Good

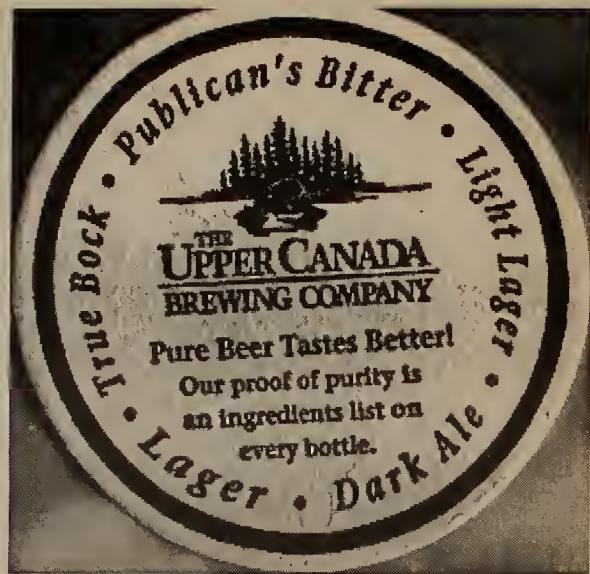
another in an ongoing series of enlightening articles for all Innis beer connoisseurs

by Cass Enright

Most bars in this city tend to classify their beers into two categories: "domestic" and "imported." Most people associate domestic beers with cheap pitchers filled with the water brewed by Labatt's or Molson's, while imported beer denotes expensive foreign beers such as Smithwicks or Guinness. Unfortunately, since most people feel domestic beer is the cheap category, many fine premium Ontario beers are not included here, but included in the imported category with the expensive beers. However, Ontario is a mecca for fine beers, many of them comparable to if not better than most imported brands. It just so happens that they are overshadowed not only by the beers of the Big Two, but also by the imported brands. This article will hopefully enlighten and educate everyone that Ontario is full of great beers very worthy of a taste. The Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society is a club dedicated to the appreciation of the world's finer beers, especially Ontario, where some of the best anywhere can be found.

Arguably Ontario's finest brewery is the Niagara Falls Brewing Company, located in Niagara Falls. NF produces a line of many high quality innovative beers, with styles hard to find anywhere else. One of their most famous beers is the Eisbock. Don't be fooled by Labatt's claims of inventing the ice brewing process, it was developed a long time ago in Germany and NF's Eisbock is Canada's first ice brewed beer (since 1989). Labatt even went to court so it could be proved by beer connoisseurs that Labatt had to right to claim inventing the process. The Eisbock is a light coloured lager, frozen to concentrate the flavour and body, increasing the alcohol to a yummy 8%. Brewed only in the winter, this bock is a great beer for any connoisseur. Keep an eye out for the 95-96 batch arriving soon. Another beer NF brews is the highly original and tasty Maple Wheat. At 8.5% alcohol, Canada's strongest beer made its debut in 1992, brewed with Sunridge maple syrup and malted wheat from the plains of the Canadian west. The Maple Wheat is a sweet tasting beer, the flavour of the syrup and smoked maple coming through as the temperature of the beer warms. NF also makes two fruit beers, the Kriek and Apple Ale. The Kriek, based upon the Belgian cherry-flavoured Lambic of the same name, is a strong ale brewed with cherries. Stronger than a Belgian lambic, the Kriek has a reddish colour and a fruity taste to complement the Canadian ale flavour. The Apple Ale, like the Kriek, is also a strong ale flavoured with apples. It has a distinctly different taste than cider, which this is not. Also produced by NF is the Olde Jack Strong Ale, a Belgian style malt ale, which could also be called a bitter due to its high hoppy flavouring. To round out NF's best is Brock's Extra Stout, a very dark and thick Irish style stout, with a smooth and rich taste and a sweet chocolate and burnt mocha flavour, with a hint of black licorice.

Toronto's most famous microbrewery is Upper Canada, located around Bathurst and King St. Upper Canada produces a fine selection of beers, covering most of the beer style spectrum. Their flagship brands are their Lager and Dark Ale, very common in Toronto pubs. Also tasty,



however, and great if found on tap are Colonial Stout, Pale Ale, Publican's Bitter, Rebellion Malt Liquor, True Bock and Wheat. All are quite nice. Upper Canada also sometimes makes some keg-only experimental beers for pubs only, their most famous being their Oktoberfest Ale and Lager, produced to coincide with the festival. UC has also been known to make a Tawny Porter on occasion.

The Amsterdam Brewing Co., located in the upper floor of the Rotterdam Bar and Bistro, is also a fine small brewery, brewing kegs only for pub consumption. Their famous beer is their Nut Brown Ale, available at many bars in Toronto. They also brew, however, a few other beers that can be found around Toronto but always at the Rotterdam: the Amber Lager, the Natural Blonde, and the Wheat. Seasonally, they make an Oktoberfest, a great Scotch Ale in the fall/winter and a pricey Framboise, a lager brewed with strawberries, in the summertime.

Guelph is home to many breweries, the largest being Sleemans and Wellington County. Sleemans makes a couple of alright beers, a cream ale, a lager and a dark, available in many pubs in Toronto. If you want to try some of Guelph's finest, however, try some Wellington brews. Wellington cask ales are found in a number of Toronto pubs, a cask being a type of keg where the beer must be pumped out with the handle instead of letting the CO₂ bring it out as is the case in conventional kegs. Cask kegs are hard to miss, as they have a distinct handle and if you ever see a bartender get beer from it, it looks like he/she is involved in some kind of aerobic workout. The most common cask ales in pubs in Toronto is their Arkell Best Bitter and their County Ale, both tasty. Others available in the beer store, along with the aforementioned two: Black Knight Extra Special Bitter, Imperial Stout, Iron Duke, Premium Lager and Special Pale Ale. Wellington likes being different because not only are their kegs different, their beer only comes in 1 litre bottles. Be prepared for a hefty dosage of brew when you tackle one of these!

The one Ontario microbrewery that survives on solely one kind of beer is Creemore Springs in Creemore. Their Premium Lager is one of Toronto's most common taps, and rightfully so, as it is one of the best lagers around. If you like a light and slightly nutty taste to your beer, Creemore is the one for you.

Below micro on the chain of breweries the cottage brewery. Cottage breweries are even smaller than micros and usually only distribute to their surrounding areas. Such examples of cottage brewers are Robinsons in Mississauga, Taylor and Bates in Elora and Thames Valley and London. Many beers by cottage breweries can be found in the more beer connoisseur dedicated pubs in Toronto. The finest (in my opinion) cottage brewery in Ontario (and I'd hope it expands) is the Trafalgar Brewing Company in Oakville. Trafalgar makes a range of great beers: Granary Wheat, Port Side Amber, Downrigger Bock, Harbour Gold, and Abbey Belgian Ale. I have tried all of these and they are all great. It is very hard to find Trafalgar beers in Toronto, however, since their mainly distribute to Oakville pubs and sell bottles only out of the brewery and not in the beer or liquor stores. Trafalgar also brews C'est What's homebrew Coffee Porter, a porter flavoured with coffee beans, in bottles on sale in the liquor stores on Queen's Quay and Front St. I guess this is the only Trafalgar beer available in Toronto in retail. I have found Trafalgar on tap at only two pubs in Toronto: C'est What? and the Graduate Students Union at U of T. (who would have thought they have great beer? Go figure!) C'est What? keeps the Abbey Belgian Ale standard on tap, a dark and strong Belgian style ale with a magnificent taste. This is one of the best beers I have ever had. I highly recommend you try this one for a malted barley taste sensation.

Well I hope this article enlightens everyone about the beer world of Ontario outside of the Big Two. Ontario has many damn fine microbreweries and their beers are definitely worth a try. Speaking of trying some fine Ontario beers, there will be a Christmas Pub Crawl in December thanks to the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society. Details to come, but we hope everyone comes out to this one, so we can tour this fine city of ours seeking some great brews. Personally I'm hoping to outdrink Santa this Christmas and the I.B.C.S. Christmas Pub Crawl is a perfect opportunity for everyone to do so as well.

Only 455 days till
STAR WARS

The Remake of Episode IV (Feb. '97)
(927 days till Episode I)

Interested in writing for the Food and Drink Section? Tired of Restaurant reviews? Well, we're trying to start a Funniest Drunk Stories in the Herald. Write us your wildest, craziest, looniest or silliest adventures while in a state of intoxication! If there's one thing that all Innis students share, it's alcohol!

Luz de Gloria Eterna

by Raul

Vivi en una parte luminosa de tu vida
I como rayo de sapiencia la Historia del Peru alumbróse
Con el amanecer de un glorioso 22 de Febrero de 1895
Torre como el mas inmaculado monumento a la Humildad
O la grande solidaridad humana por la que perdonaste a tus viles enemigos
Riquezas del espíritu enseñaste

Riquezas, como aquellas del desprendimiento del yo personal primero
Atesorando, en la mente de tus hermanos, fraternidad
Unidos por tu filosofía y por la grandeza de tu alma
Llegaste a integrar como parte indisoluble gula de nuestro destino

Haya o no Haya, Haya sera
Amando y luchando por la Tierra, en la que el gran Pachacutec
Y nuestros amados antepasados, los Quchuas
Aunaron tierras hasta Maule, Loja y Tucuman

De la noble lucha, no tracida, creóse
El mas grande imperio de America, el Incanato

Los ideales, tus lemas, tu genio, brillaron como el mas grande de todos
America vislumbróse a tu paso, Chile, Argentina, Mexico, U.S.A y la Gran Colombia

Tu oratoria, tu ciencia, la conocieron muchos mas, Francia, Inglaterra
Polonia, URSS, China
Oh Einstein, genio de la relatividad defendiste al supergenio Raul
Robaron y quisieron los miserables quitarle la nacionalidad y tu gloria, pero
con ello
Rubricaron y sellaron con sangre indeleble, que siempre serás en la Historia
El mas grande supergenio de todos los siglos del Peru

Allá desde el viaje infinito a las estrellas, no dicen que pronto llegara el dia
Peruanos, todos, que no solo por el busto en la Q.E.A, ni el monumento a tu
memoria
Remueven la conciencia a tus perseguidores implacables, a cada momento
Aca y alla en la Gloria....Victor Raul....Presente!

Febrero 4, 1994 - Febrero 11, 1994 "el Popular"

Light of Eternal Glory

by Raul

I lived in a shining part of your life
and like a ray of wisdom the history of Peru lit up
with the dawn of the glorious february 22, 1895
the tower on the most immaculate monument to humility
or the great human solidarity for which you pardoned your enemies
you taught them the richness of the spirit

Riches, as those of the detachment of the first person singular: me,
treasuring in the mind of your brothers, fraternity
united by your philosophy and by the greatness of your soul
you managed to integrate the undissolved part, the guide of our
destiny...

HAYA OR NOT HAYA, HAYA HE WILL BE,
loving and fighting for the Earth, upon which the great
PACHACUTEC
and our beloved ancestors, QUECHAS
joined lands from Maule and Loja to Tucuman

From noble fighting, not infraternity, it created
THE GREATEST EMPIRE OF AMERICA, the INCANATO,
Your ideals, your fights, your genius, shone as the best of them all
America, illuminating at your step
Chile, Argentina, Mexico, USA and the Great Columbia

Your oratory, your science, they knew much better
France, England, Belgium, the Soviet, China,
Oh Einstein, senior of relativity, you defended the supergenius
VICTOR RAUL
the miserables robbed and wanted to take away
your nationality and you glory, but with it
they were stamped INDELIBLE BLOOD, that you will always be in
HISTORY
The greatest supergenius in all the centuries in Peru

There since the infinite trip to the Stars, they tell us
that soon the day will arrive, Peruvians, when it is not only
because of the bust in the C.A.S., nor the monument in your memory
that moves the conscience of your miserable persecutors
each and every moment here and there in glory
VICTOR RAUL....!! PRESENT!!!

Editor's Note — Voila la deuxième installment de la collection d'histoire intitulée "Shards". (It's been a while since I've taken any French) Anyway, enjoy it and keep in mind that you are searching for the secret link. Pick up the next *Innis Herald* (not a subtle hint), to read the next thrilling story. If you find the correct link between the stories, maybe I'll print your name in the paper. What a claim to fame and glory. Just think about it.

Cauldron

by Kristjan Ahronson

Far away, a Hammersmith struck his anvil again. In the village, he was the only one. Mourning the dead soul in its steel-grey vase, the Hammersmith paused and went to fetch coal for the fire. Shoveling, bound and cut, he crushed the worm. And the fire blazed with renewed vigor. The smith never smiled, but the heat made him slowly wink in satisfaction.

Hervid was a true craftsman. Back bent and throughout, the people knew and sought his works. Modest though he was, he knew his skills, honing and improving everyday. Hervid, hunched by his anvil, made beautiful hammers. The villagers brought him eggs.

Working away as he was - intent as always upon the red iron - Hervid failed to see the sprite as it drifted in.

Light as a fly and curly precocious, Circavelle bounded about the workshop, giggling with wild abandon. She lunged and delicately lit upon the upper shelf. Her tan cloth shoe worn thin, covered not her heel. She almost sat down then, but couldn't, her energy boundless.

"Oh, smith," she called out, standing at the edge of the shelf. He struck the anvil; only the anvil and nothing else. Her voice was very soft.

"Smith!" louder this time.

"Hervid," louder and quietly stern. She stamped her left tan cloth shoe.

Harder this time, he struck the anvil and the sparks flew loudly. Satisfied, a droplet of sweat pooled and worked down his nose. He paused and looked up to the shelf.

Twinkling, Circavelle smiled back in excitement. Keeping and matching Hervid's gaze, she carefully tilted her head to the right and through the dust between them.

Glowing down brightly and intently, the sun caressed the now yellowed tall grass alongside the path. Unblinking, the sun mingled with the dry and heavily still air. Crickets played loudly and the donkey whined in protest. Alone, it trudged as barrels of water clung strapped to its body. They swung slowly as it moved, rattling and digging into flesh dirt.

But its eyes - those eyes. Too tired to cry, they hurt - open wounds to the heart. Clouded with rheumy pain, they stared unblinking upon the path.

Pausing, the donkey fell to its knees. A rusted metal jug struck the stone and Hervid, the Hammer-smith, looked again to his work. He was a fine craftsman.

The Still of the Forest

I thought I heard our song
in the whish of the water
in the froth of the foam
by the lilypad lake.

I thought I heard our song
in the lull between your laughter
in the soft between your sobs
in your soothing vocal caress.

I thought I heard our song
beyond your insistent whispers
beyond your soft, slippery
tongue
crowding my inner ear.

I thought I heard our song
in the still of the forest
in the damp of the moss
in the slide of our sweat.

I thought I heard our song
in the whistle of the wind
in the wrench of my wrists
in the crackle and crunch
of receding footsteps.

I thought I heard our song—
but I was wrong.

Scorpio

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

March roared in
With lion's wings and
raindrop tears
Your voice rang in the
earpiece of my phone
Too early in the morning

My whispered protests in
return

I can almost smell the
cream
in your coffee, on your
breath
Your mouth pressed to
your phone
My phone to my cheek

Outside the luminous
mists of dawn
Are as thick as the fog in
my brain
As thick as your slurred
words.

I can still feel the lashes
of last night
Your staggering gait and
flailing arms
Funhouse reflections of
us in empty bottles
Drained of their inebriating
serum

Far away I hear your
voice next to me:
"Are you busy tonight?"

(a pause)

"No."

And the galaxies collide.

Lily touched the bruise
on her cheek and started
preparing for his arrival.

- Starla

Limerick:

Lauren

From Kingston there
once was a rasta,

Who's dreads were as
thick as thick pasta.

He cried "Bombacla'at,

I've losted my pot,

This really is quite the
disasta'."

Horoscopes:

Beth McMahon

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)

Happy Birthday Archer! well aren't we the diligent worker recently? Lucky for you Christmas vacation will be a real score for some well deserved rest. Ensure that you do some partying - you may meet that someone who will give you your space as well as some good loving.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 21)

Try not to think too much; maybe those substances you've been taking have something to do with your reclusiveness. So you're a scholar, philosopher and thinker, you can lighten up sometimes. This month it is advisable to go out, see your friends and open up; in turn you will be inspired with great foresight in a matter that has been concerning you lately.

Aquarius (Jan. 22 - Feb. 19)

Start to look at your potentials in life: did you know most famous people come from your sign? No shit. In the weeks to come you must try to draw upon your confidence or you will get discouraged over some project that is tooo important to overlook. Success is pure ecstasy, let it at least influence your lifestyle.

Pisces (Feb. 20 - Mar. 20)

Hello my dear guppy. Cheer up now mate, for the time to weep has past and you may rejoice in the coming of the holiday season. Feel the love, for the people are in love and the spirit of family is free upon the icy winds. Ah, 'tis a merry time and you may also contribute to the festiveness if you believe in yoyourself and your community.

Aries (Mar. 21- Apr. 19)

You just rammed your way through some unwanted situations last month, maybe this month we can exert some tact and control. Use that wit and creativeness of yours and remember your temper is quick to rise and unreasonable sometimes. Now to move on from this lecture - vacation will be the perfect time to release your anxieties and frustrations, so go wild: who knows what kissing a total stranger at the perfecy moment could lead to... yes, that is a dare.

Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 19)

Love is in the air for some damn lucky bulls this month, so buy him roses and buy her some Raptors tickets and show your appreciation. Luck is on your side so don't let it slip away: dance with Lady Luck, whether it be a Bingo ticket or something less legit, what do you really have to lose?

Gemini (May 20 - June 20)

You have become apathetic and this does not suit your impulsive nature at all. Why don't you go get involved? You are especially strong in dedication this month to do anything you set your mind to, if only to join a club or write for the paper. There are places for you to show you care and make a difference instead of hiding behind a smoke screen.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

Start budgeting now for Christmas holidays because you will have so many parties to attend and things to do you will be overwhelmed. Just remember to make time for your family because they care about you. This is a turning point for your social life so begin to learn how to say "no" to some invitations or you will collapse with excitement and bankruptcy.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 21)

Be generous in the weeks to come for favours wil return themselves. Do unto others as you will have done unto you. Be specially nice to your teachers. And remember only the sea gulls walk on the street lamps when the moon is full and the cheesecake is gone.

Virgo (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22)

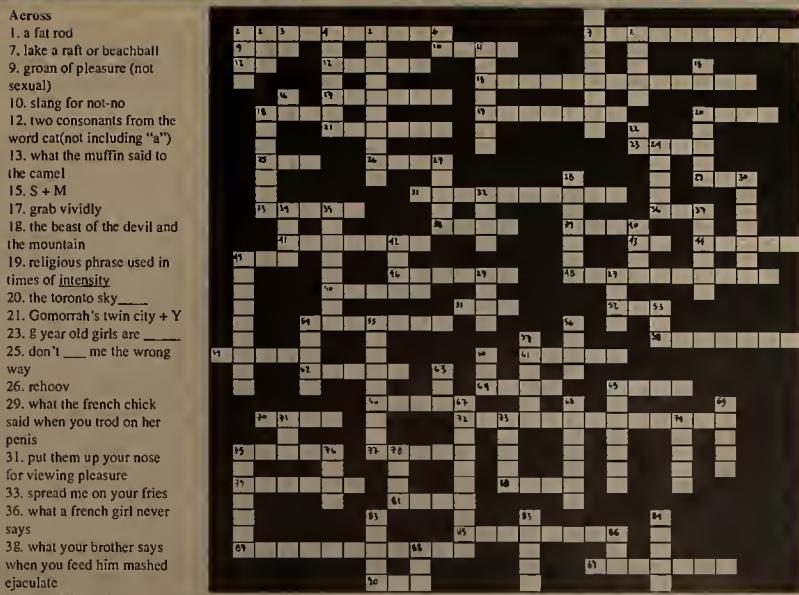
Hey there, Crazy! You've been going wild and intense for the past weeks and you will still be going strong in the time to come. Just remember who your friends are and who you can trust, for you will need their support system sooner than you think. Have fun, go wild, and don't say anything incriminating over the phone.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22)

So school isn't going so well, there's time yet. Your good sense of balance will return to you soon, so don't get too frustrated. Use your intuition to plan your goals to suit your future aspirations and never give up. This month is a time for reflection and speculation for what the future holds, therefore use your time wisely and you will benefit in the coming months.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

This will be a very confusing month to come. On consultation to my close friend Jo-Jo, she informed me of some serious temptations you will be faced with. We both know how easy it would be to just give in, but is that in your best interests? Look to your true friends and look to your future to gain some clarity in matters or you may end up stinging yourself. P.S. Jo-Jo says she'd love to hear from you and know how you're doing.



Quiz Master 2000:

Steve Barber

Welcome to the first Herald Quiz (kind of like Glamour, only different). Todays quiz will determine your sense of irony. Score one point for a, Two for b and three for c.

- If Mike Harris were stranded on a desert island, what would be your gift to him....
a) A can of tuna
b) a dented can of tuna
c) Bob Rae
- If Jacques Parizeau were stranded on a desert island, what would be your gift to him....
a) An English copy of Pierre Trudeau's latest book
b) an autographed photo of Pierre Trudeau
c) Pierre Trudeau
- If Alanis Morissette were stranded on a desert island, what would be your gift to her....
a) a walkman with no tapes
b) a walkman and a John Denver tape
c) a walkman and her first album
- If the staff of the Toronto Sun were stranded on a desert island, what would be your gift to them....
a) a one year subscription to the Globe and Mail
b) a one year subscription to the Innis Herald
c) Noam Chomsky

Add up your score.

4-8 points: You possess about as much irony as Green Day. My remedy: watch nothing but Black Adder for three weeks.

9-11 points: You have risen above your paltry brothers & sisters, but have not yet recognized the ultimate irony. My remedy: watch nothing but Hal Hartley movies for three weeks

12 points: Please report to the Herald Office immediately, we need articles for next issue.

you in delicto flagrante with a medical/nursing student, hits you really hard and makes you scrape your knee
73. any fun activity (not sexual) with chickens (female)
76. brillo pads do it a dub-dub
78. female stud (what's wrong with our society?)
80. firm statue of a greek head with this
81. I want your extra time and your _____
82. sexy scot transvestite wear

Down

- wakes you up at the farm
- not cold
- student's response to prof
- the best part of a chicken (you need two to tango)
- T + A
- your favourite kind of jelly
- your mechanical friend
- loops - the good part behind a cherry
- Joel's willy locale
- Bo Derek and Jackson get it on
- the half nude bit of a guitar
- gets away with Fruity sex crimes
- one more time!
- really curly pubic hair (sound like dinky)
- the kind of employment every man wants
- tie me up tie me down with my _____ tights
- oh what a giveaway. we're not even trying anymore
- bad!
- sex and ___,
- the part of a jug you suck on
- tie this tape around your hamster/gerbil to stop it blowing up
- artsy nerdiness
- rhymes with defenestrate but infinitely more fun
- little piggy fetish
- where Sant keeps his gonads
- I want to make you _____ like a cow
- spur your horse
- drugs
- one doesn't drive a horse
- eraser fetish
- you stupid old git (the last word is the answer. I mean "git")
- homeless person's ass
- small pants (as in: please remove your...)
- prostrate for cushiona (Dedette was one)
- long slow screw against the wall with a lisp
- infection(Joel's favourite makes his dough rise!)
- Joel's pin _____
- "Joewl" from Dynasty
- not hammered
- shit! it's the pigs!
- sounds like Dick and Joel
- kitty-cat
- for firestarters (file under visual stimulation)
- not want not around my hips
- uncooked meat
- not-no (not slang)

Down and Across

- gross word and hard to spell. I wouldn't recommend answering this clue if I were you. Why not masturbate?

ANSWERS WILL BE PRINTED NEXT ISSUE. PRIZES AWARDED TO PERSON(S) WHD FIND THE HIDDEN WORD (WORD WITHDUT A CLUE).